

OUTDOOR SPORTS.

A Golf Victory and a Baseball Defeat.—The News from the Tennis Courts.

The Old Pine Golf team met the Greensboro Saturday afternoon and in a well-played match defeated them 20 to 6. Some excellent medal scores were made on both sides and Rev. George W. Morrow of Detroit led, making the course in 89 strokes. C. H. Dempsey was a close second on the home team and E. M. Taft made an excellent record and received a round of applause when he made the last hole in three, one less than bogie. Following is the summary of the match:

OLD PINE	MOUNTAIN VIEW
C. H. Dempsey	E. D. Snyder
E. M. Taft	E. A. Sibley
Howard Ford	F. B. Snyder
G. A. Bailey	G. W. Morrow
E. S. Bailey	George Howes
F. H. Brooks	J. P. Loomis
A. G. Sprague	F. Donaldson
Totals	20

Some of the medal scores here follow:
G. W. Morrow, 89.
F. B. Snyder, 91.
C. H. Dempsey, 91.
Howard Ford, 93.
E. S. Bailey, 95.
E. D. Snyder, 97.
G. A. Bailey, 99.
Prof. Howes, 106.

BARTONS, ST. JOHNSBURY.

With the memory of two defeats at the hands of the Barton team fresh in his mind, Laird went to the pitcher's box Saturday and showed the fans what he could do. He held the Barton boys, whose long suit has been their stick work, down to four hits, besides striking out six in the course of the game. Not a man received a base on balls and the only thing charged up against his record was hitting one batter. But good as this record appears, Bishop, the old leaguer, sent to the firing line by Manager Aldrich of the visitors, proved just a shade better, allowing the locals three lone singles and fanning seven. He also sent one man to first by hitting him with a pitched ball. A glance at the error column will readily explain the difference in the score. With the support the locals are capable of and have in the past put up, the game would in all probability have been a 1 to 0 victory for the visiting team. Both teams were weak at the bat, Hale of the locals being the only one on either side to find the ball more than once. Heath and Bishop each cracked out a two-bagger, Heath starting the game with his, and Bishop fired the parting salute with a screamer to left field fence, the longest hit of the season.

Heath started with a double to center, Carr fumbled it on the return, and he kept on to third. Barrows took the count, Berry sent a single to right, scoring Heath. Webster sacrificed, Winslow was safe on a wild throw to first, and Berry tallied one. Laird caught Winslow napping for the third out. In our half Carr scratched one by third, and stole second. Peck sacrificed and Carr was safe at third. Richards sacrificed and Carr registered St. Johnsbury's lone tally. Lynch was out, Heath to Berry.

The next two innings brought forth nothing of interest to either side. Berry started off in the fourth with a scratch, Peck fumbled Kearns' throw, and Webster was solid at the first station. Berry reached third, Winslow fanned, and Berry made good on Richard's throw to first, scoring the third one for the Bartons. Martin was out to Carr, and Webster was asleep at the switch. Nothing doing on our side, and the "nothing doing" sign was out until the eighth.

In the eighth, with one down, Berry was hit by a pitched ball, and was safe at second on Webster's scratch by short. Winslow died out to Hale. Martin sent one to center, which Woods juggled, while the runner was making half the circuit, and during the excitement Berry crossed the plate with another tally. Robinson finished with a singer to Carr, which was handled perfectly to Peck. Three up and three down for the locals.

Heath made a mistake and sent one to Kearns, who sent it across to Peck, and then came Bishop who gave Laird a great surprise by getting the best hit of the season. Heath singled to right, Barrows sacrificed and Bishop made the last score. Berry fanned. St. Johnsbury made a game rally in their half of the closing chapter and succeeded in getting a man as far as third base, but there he remained. Hale was first up and he made his second hit of the day, a pretty single to center. Carr sacrificed. Peck was out to Lewis and Hale stole third. Robinson spoiled Richards long drive and the game was history.

The score follows:

BARTON.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Heath, 3b	5	1	1	4	0	0
Barrows, c	1	0	0	7	1	0
Berry, 1b	4	3	1	12	0	0
Webster, 2b	4	0	0	4	2	0
Winslow, cf	4	0	0	1	0	1
Martin, lf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Kearns, rf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Lewis, ss	4	0	1	2	0	0
Bishop, p	4	1	1	0	3	0
Totals	37	5	4	27	12	1

ST. JOHNSBURY.

AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Carr, 2b	2	1	0	2	4
Peck, 1b	3	0	0	12	1
Richards, c	3	0	0	1	0
Lynch, lf	3	0	0	0	0
Kearns, 3b	3	0	0	3	3
Laird, 2b	3	0	0	0	4
Woods, 1b	2	0	0	0	1
Hill, 3b	3	0	1	2	1
Hale, 2b	3	0	2	1	0
Totals	25	1	3	27	18

Innings: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Barton, 2 0 0 1 0 0 1 3 5
St. Johnsbury, 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1

Two base hits—Heath, Bishop. Sacrifice hits—Webster, Barrows. Peck, Richards. Carr 2. Hit by pitched ball—Berry, Woods. Struck out—Bishop 7, by Laird 6. Umpire Thicker. Time, 1h. 50 m.

Ball Players' Outing.

The management of the Lyndonville baseball team recently decided inasmuch as the boys had worked very hard and been quite successful, they were entitled to a holiday. So on Saturday they were instructed to pack their lunch boxes and be ready to start on the accommodation train. All reported, and they journeyed to Derby Line, where the afternoon was spent in a critical examination of the ball field there, and looking over the fence into King Edward's domain, and they also met several of the

players in a social way. They returned in the evening via the same route, and everyone voted it a very pleasant outing. It was a novel scheme and was carried out entirely at the expense of the team.

Sprague Wins at Tennis.

Arthur G. Sprague won the handicap tennis tournament Saturday afternoon and added the Randall & Whitcomb cup to his collection.

In the semi-finals Sprague beat Spaulding 6-2, 6-4. Clark beat Richmond by default as Dr. Richmond was obliged to leave town before the tournament was finished. The finals were played Saturday afternoon. With a handicap of 30, Sprague beat Clark in three straight sets 6-4, 7-5, 6-2, after which he played in the golf match against Greensboro, beating him by a large score.

The handicap tournament has served to arouse the interest of the local players for the state tennis tournament which will be played again on the Old Pine courts beginning Tuesday, Aug. 13th. From the entries already made, it is apparent that this year's tournament will surpass all its predecessors. Nearly all the players who were here last season plan to return and several new faces will be seen. Mr. Russ expects to be here to defend his title and it is hoped that Mr. Mollenhaur will also be present to contest for the championship which he lost to Mr. James in 1904.

The Morrisville team plays the local warriors on the campus Thursday afternoon at 2:15 sharp. Morrisville has a fast team and a close game is expected. Our team goes to Barton, Saturday, for the fourth game with that team.

The Old Pine golf team play the Maplewood professional team at Bethlehem this week Saturday.

ST. JOHNSBURY CENTER.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wright and son Morris of Bridgeport, Conn., are visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Byron Wright. Miss Louise Towle has been visiting her aunt at Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Knoblock of Lawrence, Mass., and Mr. and Mrs. Blodgett of St. Johnsbury, spent one day last week as the guests of Prentice Pierce. Miss Nina Campbell has gone to Fitchburg, Mass., to visit her sister, Mrs. Dwight Simpson.

Miss Mabelle Greenwood, who has been visiting friends at Newport, has returned home.

Miss Helen Harriman spent Tuesday and Wednesday at Barnet visiting friends.

Miss Grace Franklin, who has been at home for a short vacation, spent Saturday with friends at Newport.

Those from here who attended the excursion to Owl's Head, Thursday, were Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Lougee and family, Mr. and Mrs. Benedict, Mr. and Mrs. William McLaughlin and daughter Ella, and Miss Gertrude Franklin.

Clayton Ryder of St. Johnsbury has been visiting his aunt, Mrs. M. D. Park. Mrs. Seymour of Lynn, Mass., is visiting at Mrs. Mary Hallett's. On Tuesday Mrs. Seymour and Mrs. Hallett went to Willoughby.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Allen and children, who have been visiting relatives here, have returned to their home at Lynn, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. George Morrill have been camping at Joe's Pond for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. William McLaughlin spent Sunday with their son, Charlie McLaughlin, at St. Johnsbury.

Mrs. Susie Farnham Labay and daughter Sadie of Arlington, S. D., and Miss Elva Labay of Sheffield, are visiting relatives and friends here this week.

The meetings at the Grange Hall held by the Universalist society will be omitted until Sept. 8.

The Christian Endeavor society will hold a lawn party on the church lawn Thursday evening. Ice cream and cake will be sold.

The Center Cornet Band will give a concert Thursday evening.

Rev. M. H. Smith of Concord supplied the pulpit at the Methodist church, Sunday.

Mrs. Harry Kimball of Concord and Miss Kate Kimball of Boston are visiting at Mrs. Flint's.

H. J. Kelley went to Lynn, Mass., Tuesday, for Old Home week.

Miss Blanche Joyce of Belvidere Falls is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joyce.

Miss Bessie Wheeler has gone to Lake Megantic, Que., for the summer.

Mrs. Nellie Thompson and son of Pennsylvania are visiting her sister, Mrs. Eugene Joyce.

Rolf Colledge of Springfield, Mass., called on his son Wendell at Loren Miner's, Monday.

Mrs. Laura Franklin and daughter Gertrude spent Monday at Danville visiting relatives.

Miss Perry Sweeney, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Libereau, has returned to Portland, Me.

Mrs. Hall of East Lyndon is visiting her son, Irving Hall.

Mrs. Hobbs and daughter of Manchester, who have been visiting at Mr. Emerson's, have gone to Passumpsic.

Mrs. Clara Shorey of Montreal is visiting at Mr. and Mrs. Smith Emerson's.

Charlie Bradley spent part of last week at Danville visiting friends.

Prudential Announcement.

J. M. Cady was in Newark, N. J., last week attending a convention of managers of the Prudential Insurance Company, at which time announcement was made of the decision by the company that after August 1st all ordinary insurance would be issued on the non-participating plan, conforming with the new laws recently enacted in New York, New Jersey and Massachusetts.

The company believes that the greatest demand in the future will be for policies that are guaranteed and written for a low premium. The results from participating policies in nearly all companies have been unsatisfactory, and as practically all participating business must in the future be written on the annual dividend plan the new rates of the Prudential make the net cost considerably less than that of participating policies after deducting dividends.

Important changes have been made in the policy contract and many new policies. All rates have been materially reduced and loan and surrender values increased, making the new rates the lowest of any of the leading companies and with higher guarantees.

The Prudential has always been in the lead where liberality to its policy holders was concerned and its splendid growth has testified to the confidence in which it is held by the insuring public.

Caspian Lake Notes.

Rev. Mr. Stuart was called to Pittsfield, Mass., last week to attend a funeral. Mr. Collier of Bordentown, N. J., is spending a couple of weeks at the Caspian Lake House.

Mr. Morris returns to Bordentown this week after a ten day's vacation.

Mr. Brakely of Bordentown is expected this week. He and his family will occupy the Fitch cottage for the month of August.

Theodore Parker of Wellesley Hills is visiting Beeman Sibley.

Miss Isabelle Noyes of St. Johnsbury is visiting friends in Camp Aspenhurst.

Mrs. Munson and son Levi of Morrisville are spending a few days with Mrs. Hardy. Miss Jenkins of New York, is also a guest at the Hardy cottage.

Edgar Salisbury of Randolph spent part of last week with his family here.

Mr. Bagnall was in the White Mountains last Sunday visiting friends.

Mrs. Sanborn has been confined to her room the past week with a sprained knee.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Wheeler and daughter Mary are spending a few days at their cottage.

W. S. Rossiter returned to Washington the first of this week after a two week's holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rossiter and Mrs. Howes took a three days driving trip last week, stopping at Willoughby and other places along their route.

The annual golf match between the players of Aspinhurst and Lakewood was played upon the club course on Wednesday, the former winning. On Saturday a team from the Mountain View Golf Club went to St. Johnsbury and to the surprise of their friends, were badly beaten. Full particulars are not at hand but there is a feeling of disappointment, only to be assuaged by the return game soon to be played here.

EAST ST. JOHNSBURY.

Samuel E. Stone of the Hollenden Hotel, Cleveland, Ohio, has been visiting his cousins, Miss Morrill and Albert Lee. He will make an extended tour of the White Mountains before his return home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Church visited G. W. Dodge and her aunt Mrs. Woods. The latter at the age of 92 took her first automobile ride with the Goulds. She also received a visit from Mr. and Mrs. W. Henderson of St. Johnsbury Center.

On Thursday morning Eugene Shastny found a valuable cow dead in the stable.

Mrs. E. M. Chapman is visiting her old home. Her sister-in-law Mrs. C. A. Severance is stopping with her for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Howe with their children are visiting Mrs. Howe's mother.

Wizard's Warning.

The traditions connected with the historical residences of the British aristocracy are many and varied, but none perhaps is more curious than that related about Yester, the Scottish home of Lord and Lady Tweeddale. The old castle—now a picturesque ruin—referred to by Sir Walter Scott in "Marmion," contained a wonderful vaulted hall, which Hugh Gifford, the magician, is said to have erected with one stroke of his wand. But it was not a case of "easy come, easy go," and the wizard solemnly vowed that any man who attempted to tamper with the fair building should die swiftly and violently.

The old tradition was recalled when the present Lord Tweeddale's eldest brother, Lord Gifford, was crushed to death by a falling tree. A short time before he had done some clearing operations that interfered with Hugh Gifford's hall.—London Answers.

Fate of a Prince Albert.

When Commander Peary went on his first trip in search of the pole, he won the gratitude of an Eskimo by presenting him with an ancient Prince Albert coat and an extensively creased sombrero. Years afterward, when again in the north, the explorer received a ceremonial visit from a native and to his surprise, set eyes once more on the discarded vestments. On the occasion of the commander's next dash for the pole the aborigines took him aside and pointed to a rude mausoleum. By its side stood the disused sledge. Its six dogs had been strangled to make an appropriate funeral. On the pile of stones lay what was left of the Prince Albert coat and the sombrero.—Boston Herald.

In the Days of the "Terror."

Some old French memoirs throw an interesting light on the manner in which the French republic came to bear the nickname "Marianne." During the days of the "white terror" there was an old woman called La Mere Marianne, whose duty it was to mop up the pavement after an execution. In this capacity she attended the decapitation of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, as well as other distinguished victims. The gay hearted royalists jeered at her under her familiar name, which came to be applied to the revolutionary party. Later the secret societies adopted it as a watchword, and "Marianne" came to be used as a revolutionary symbol, even by the Italian carbonari.

The Marginal Note.

At a recent sale of old books and curios the auctioneer said, "This book, gentlemen, is especially valuable, as it contains a marginal note in the handwriting of John Dryden. Five pounds offered. Going—going—gone. It is yours, sir." The autograph marginal note by the renowned scholar was as follows: "This book is not worth the paper it is printed on."—London Queen.

FEAR OF GHOSTS.

Harmless Visitors From Whom We All Shrink in Terror.

Deep down in the heart of man there abides a firm belief in the power of the dead to walk upon the earth and afflict, if such be their pleasure, the souls of the living. Wise folks, versed in the sciences and fortified in mind against faith in aught that savors of the supernatural, laugh ideas of the kind to scorn, yet hardly one of them will dare to walk alone through a graveyard in the night, or if one be found so bold he will surely hasten his footsteps, unable wholly to subdue the fear of sheeted specters which may rise from the grass grown graves or emerge from moonlit tombs and follow on, for, strangely enough, the dead, if not actually hostile to the living, are esteemed dangerous and dreadful to encounter.

It used to be the fashion, says a writer in Lippincott's Magazine, to sweep away all such notions by saying that they had their origin in the childhood of the race and that they sprang from fear of the unknown. This unquestionably was the easiest way to dispose of them, but was it fair? The subject possesses intense interest for a great majority of mankind, and, though the existence of ghosts is unproved, there is undeniably a vast deal of testimony in their behalf that deserves serious and respectful consideration. Fortunately, within the last few years the attitude of science toward the problem has altogether changed, and, actuated by a new spirit of inquiry, the wise men have been engaged, thoughtfully and without prejudice, in studying it out.

While it cannot be said that any final and definite conclusions have as yet been reached, an immense amount of evidence has been sifted, enough to show pretty conclusively for one point that the traditional specter of the Cock Lane school, with clanking chain and attributes disagreeably suggestive of the grave, has no basis in fact. On the other hand, there are certain phantoms, altogether different in their characteristics, in whose behalf a mass of testimony is adduced far greater than would be required to establish complete proof in any ordinary case in a court of law. Nothing short of absolute demonstration in such a matter can be satisfactory, but the evidence in question certainly staggers incredulity.

Our fear of phantoms appears to spring from a dread of the unknown, the mysterious and the intangible. That it is a groundless terror is proved by the fact that in many thousands of cases of alleged spectral appearances suspected during the last few years to palnstaking investigation not a single instance has been found in which an injury was inflicted by the ghost upon the person or persons to whom it presented itself. So that, even if we are to accept apparitions as veritable, we ought to regard them with curiosity rather than with apprehension, and instead of trying to avoid such supernatural visitors we should eagerly seek an opportunity to be haunted for the sake of observing for ourselves phenomena so intensely interesting.

Exchange in Neckties.

A South Penn square business man has evolved a plan of how to dodge wife, but there is merit attaching to it in this case. His wife insists on buying his neckties and dots on lavender and red or green spots or a pale shimmering Nile green shot with purple. Rather than cause her anguish by seeming to deery her taste in cravats, her husband most deceptfully starts for the office every morning wearing a tie of her selection. Once in the office, however, the traitor quickly exchanges the offending necktie for something quieter which he keeps under careful lock and key in his own private desk. It would be interesting to find out his wife's sensations should she pay him a visit some day in office hours or should he forget to make the exchange again before his trip home.—Philadelphia Record.

Hats With Tempers.

There are hats with tempers, as every woman is aware—the hats that "go on" beautifully one day (for preference in the hat shop five minutes before they are bought) and which in the next reflex to assume the right pose and poise for love or money. There are few conditions more trying than to fall under the ban of a hat's displeasure. The only thing to be done is to put it away for a week or so and wait till it has recovered from its temper, like a naughty child. One cannot argue with a hat and smacking is not to be recommended.—London Queen.

He Understood.

A late judge whose personal appearance was as unimpressive as his legal knowledge was profound and his intelligence keen interrupted a female witness:

"Humbugged you, my good woman! What do you mean by that?" said he sternly.

"Well, my lord," replied the woman, "I don't know how to explain it exactly, but if a girl called your lordship a handsome man she would be humbugging you."—London Tit-Bits.

Willing to Risk It.

Mr. Winks (solemnly)—A noted physician says that deadly bacteria lurk in bank notes, and many diseases, especially smallpox, are spread that way. Mrs. Winks—Mercy on us! Give me all you have. I've been vaccinated, you know.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

It is necessary to hope, though hope should be always deluded, for hope itself is happiness, and its frustrations, however frequent, are yet less dreadful than its extinction.—Dr. Johnson.

CALLING IN PARIS.

The Concierge is a Peculiar Institution in Several Ways.

You leave your card at the door of the person to whom you desire to present yourself, and there it is taken in charge by that peculiarly French functionary, the concierge, says Professor Barrett Wendell in Scribner's. At least in Paris, the greater part of French people live in large houses containing a number of apartments with a common entrance and staircase. Close to the entrance door, on the level of the street, are some stuffy little rooms inhabited by the concierge, or porter, with his family. Their duty, among other things, is to keep strict watch on whoever goes in or out, and at least one of them, often the porter's wife or half grown daughter, is always at hand.

The chief peculiarity of their temperament seems to be insatiable appetite. At whatever hour of day or evening you call on a concierge you are sure to find somebody eating or just risen from table, and the atmosphere inhabited by this bustling personage seems immortally laden with the fumes of something recently boiled.

No matter whether you call on a friend who lives in some unpretentious out of the way place or on one who inhabits something like a palace, the concierge is always about the same. You can detect little difference between those in charge of important doors and of insignificant. They are as like as house flies. Of course there are private houses in Paris, with regular domestic servants such as you would find anywhere, but these, grand or simple, are so unusual that you remember the concierge as everywhere standing between you and further human intercourse.

In response to your card, which the concierge duly sees delivered, comes a card, often with a note, in return. If, as is generally the case, this acknowledgment of your existence contains an intimation of when your French acquaintance may be found at home, either habitual or for your special benefit, you make your second visit at this appointed time and thus enter into real personal relations.

Otherwise, your intercourse has limited itself to a polite exchange of cards. Generally speaking, you never expect or attempt to see French people socially except when they have asked you to one of their regular days of reception or have made a definite appointment. To call on a person at any other time—to do more than leave your card with the concierge—would be an intrusive pretense to intimacy.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

You can waste a good deal of time telling how reliable you are.

You never say a man won't listen to reason if he agrees with you.

A boy is liberally abused if he isn't polite, but how many say "Thank you" to a boy?

No one seems to have as hard a time earning money as the woman who marries for it.

The average man's idea of religious liberty is the privilege of staying home from church.

Having good judgment and being "a fool for luck" are frequently the story of a single financial success told by different parties.

"How poor are they who have no patience! What wound did ever heal but by degrees?" Who is the author of the above? It is not important whether you can remember the author if you can soberly accept the lesson taught.—Atchison Globe.

A WISE BRITON.

He Half Suspected at the Start That the Feathers Weren't Entire.

A Brooklyn man who entertained an English relative tells this without the quiver of an eyelid:

"My cousin from London reached New York last summer, along with a hot wave. The crowds were deep before the soda water fountains on lower Broadway. He remarked that he did not comprehend how Americans could swallow that 'nasty slush.'"

"A mere preference," I explained. "We have many curious examples of that kind in this country. One of the most remarkable evidences of insatiable appetite for froth rather than substance is that of the American poultry lover who daily advertises in our New York papers for 1,000 feather beds. As you may well imagine, he is said to have entirely lost his taste for the flesh of the fowl."

"Oh, really!" exclaimed the Englishman in quiet surprise. Nothing more was said till nine months later, when I opened my mail one day and found a marked copy of the London Times, which he had sent to me. He called my attention to this extract in an article on mob rule and lynching in America, "It can hardly be possible that the supply of tar and feathers in the United States will be sufficient at the rate the mobs are covering the bodies of the poor wretches who are tortured and humiliated before they are drawn and quartered or burned at the stake."

"I fancy you will see your error after reading this," he wrote. "It is quite plain the man wanted the beds for another purpose and not, as you believe, to eat."—Brooklyn Eagle.

"What then," asked the professor, "is the exact difference between logic and sophistry?"

"Well," replied the bright student, "if you're engaged in a controversy it's just the difference between your line of argument and the other fellow's."—Philadelphia Press.

Plurals of Nouns Ending in "O."

In the formation of the plural of nouns ending with o, the general rule is that es is added to the singular, as in potatoes, cabbages, buffaloes, yet the following words add only s: grotto, junco, canto, cento, quarto, portico, octavo, duodecimo, tyro, solo (all, by the bye, foreign words), and also all nouns ending in o, as folio, folios; or, in fact whenever o is immediately preceded by a vowel, as cameo, embryo, etc. A notable peculiarity is to be observed with regard to nouns substantive ending with the sound of o. If they be words of more than one syllable, they for the most part end simply in o, but if only of one syllable, they take an e after the o, thus, canto, potato, quarto, hero, tuo, solo, roe, sloe, toe, woe, etc. Yet other monosyllables, not nouns substantive, have no final e, as so, lo, no.—Literature of Typography.

For August.

All trimmed Hats at ½ price.

\$10.00 Hats	at \$5.00
5.00 Hats	at 2.50

Three bargains in Ostrich Plumes.

1 lot \$5.00 Plumes	at \$3.50
1 " 2.50 "	" 1.50
1 lot cluster of three plumes, \$1.50 at \$1.00.	

Bargains in Ribbons.